

the family. Habits count for everything here, and example is better than precept. —Margaret E. Sangster, in *Interior*.

DAVIE'S SURGICAL HINT.

"Davie, I think I left my spectacles upstairs," said grandpa, after he had searched the sitting-room for his accustomed helpers.

"Oh, dear!" began Davie, who always thought it a great nuisance to go up and down stairs unless he wanted something for himself, and couldn't get any one to go. But before he had finished his grumbling sentence, little Lillie had deposited her lapful of patchwork on the sofa, and, with a cheery, "I'll get them, grandpa," was on her way upstairs.

Davie, you forgot to put your tools away," mamma said a little later.

"Oh, dear! It's such a bother to put everything away!" fretted Davie. "Can't I leave them where they are till to-morrow, for I want to use them again?"

"No; I want them put away at once," said mamma, in such a decided tone that Davie knew she required instant obedience.

"Oh, dear! I never can learn this long lesson!" he grumbled that evening, when he sat down to prepare his recitation for the next day. "It's such a lot of work to translate all the sentences!"

Dr. Morton had dropped in for a little chat with Davie's father; and he looked up, as he heard the impatient exclamation.

"What do you think I have been doing to-day, Davie?"

"What, sir?" asked Davie, glad of a diversion from his books.

"Breaking a little girl's arm."

"Do you mean mending it, doctor?" asked Davie, thinking that the doctor had made a mistake.

"No; I broke it," answered the doctor. "Some time ago this little girl broke her arm; and it was very badly set, and had been so stiff ever since that she could not use it as she wanted to. She makes lace very cleverly, and her earnings have been a great help to the family; but since her arm was hurt she has not been able to work at all. We held a consultation at the hospital to-day, and decided that the only way to help the child would be to break her arm again, and reset it."

"I think I'd rather never be able to do anything than have that done!" exclaimed Davie.

"Why, that's unfortunate!" remarked the doctor. "I've been thinking that there is a bone about you that ought to be broken very soon, if you expect to become an active man. I've been meaning to mention it to you for some time."

Davie turned pale. He was not at all fond of bearing pain.

"Where is the bone?" he asked with a frightened tremor in his voice. "Will you have to break it?"

"No; I can't very well break it for you," answered the doctor. "You can break it for yourself better than any one can break it for you. It is called the 'lazy bone.'"

"Oh, that is what you mean!"

And he was so relieved that he smiled at the doctor's words.

"Yes, my boy, that is the bone I mean; and it is a bone you ought to break very soon, if you ever expect to be of any use in this world. It will take a pretty determined effort to break it, for it's one of the toughest ones I know anything about; but you can break it if you make the effort. Will you try?"

"Yes, sir, I will," promised Davie manfully, his face flushed with mortification at the thought that he had earned a reputation of laziness.—*Unidentified*.

"CAST THY BURDEN ON THE LORD."

A well-known English evangelist, when engaged in a work that seemed to call upon him for more than a usual exercise of faith, received what seems like a most tender answer from God.

His little daughter, who was a paralytic, was sitting in her chair as he entered the house with a package in his hands for his wife. Going up to her and kissing her he asked, "Where is mother?"

"Mother is up stairs."

"Well, I have a package for her."

"Let me carry the package to mother."

"Why, Minnie dear, how can you carry the package? You cannot carry yourself."

With a smile on her face, Minnie said, "O no, papa, but you give me the package, and I will carry the package, and you will carry me."

Taking her in his arms he carried her up stairs, the little Minnie, and the package too. But it came to him that this was just his position in the work in which he was engaged. He was carrying his burden, but was not God carrying him?—*The Rev. G. D. Coleman*.

GIRLS SHOULD LEARN TO COOK.

Good housekeeping has far more to do with domestic happiness than young lovers dream of. I believe that these times need women whose most beautiful work will be done inside their own doors. Without good housekeeping the romance will soon go out of marriage. Of course, the man who prizes woman chiefly because she "looketh well to the ways of her household" does not deserve to have

a good wife. He should merely employ a housekeeper and pay her good wages. But there are social, moral, and spiritual uses, proceeding from the wise regulation of the household, which bestow a dignity on what would otherwise be trifling. No matter what a girl's accomplishments may be, her education is incomplete if she has not some knowledge of bakeology, boilology, roastology, stitchology, and mendology. Even if a girl should never be required to do the work herself, she ought to know whether it is done in a proper manner.

—*Rev. M. Peters, in Lutheran Observer*.

A TRICKY PIG.

A pig and a dog were once passengers on the same ship, and were quite warm friends. They used to eat their cold potatoes off the same plate, and but for one thing would never have had any trouble. This was that the dog had a kennel and the pig had none. Somehow the pig got it into his head that the kennel belonged to whichever could get into it first. So every night there was a race. If the dog won he would show his teeth, and the pig had to lie on the softest plank he could find. If the pig got in first, Toby could not drive him out. One rainy afternoon the pig found it unpleasant slipping about on deck, and made up his mind to retire early. But when he reached the kennel he found the dog snug and warm inside.

"Umph!" he said, but Toby made no reply. Suddenly an idea flashed upon him; and, trudging off to the place where the dinner plate was lying, he carried it to a part of the deck where the dog could see it, and, turning his back to the kennel, began rattling the plate and munching as though he had a feast before him. This was too much for Toby. A good dinner and he not there! Ah, no! and out he ran. Piggy kept on until Toby had come around in front of him and pushed his nose into the empty plate. Then like a shot, he turned around, and was safe in the kennel before Toby knew whether there was any dinner on the plate or not.

—*Christian Observer*.

All the spiritual rhapsodies and ecstasies conceivable cannot make up for a lack of every-day righteousness. Hearing ten sermons will not atone for failure to speak one gentle sentence. Prayers cannot take the place of patience. Meditation is no substitute for ministration. Face the truth! The test of religion given by Christ himself is fruit-bearing. Have you visited the sick, comforted the prisoner, fed the hungry, forgiven your enemies, loved your brethren? Then is your faith not vain.